

NOW that the American Elections have resolved themselves into a straight fight—Eisenhower and Nixon versus Stevenson and Kefauver—the state of President Eisenhower's health will almost certainly decide the issue.

The slightest cough caught by the President will mean a gain for the Democrats, and until November 8 the political onus on his medical advisers will be exceptionally heavy.

A doctor to the head of a State obviously owes primary allegiance to his patient yet, it is argued, as a citizen with special information and skills, he also has a duty to the public. But most of America assumes that the President's doctors will bring an English ruling which is being widely quoted.

This is from "The Principles of Medical Ethics" of the American Medical Association (1949). In the section headed "Physician's Responsibility" emphasis is placed on the words of Sir Thomas Watson, Physician Extraordinary to Queen Victoria. "The profession of medicine having for its end the common good of mankind, knows nothing of national enmities, of political strife..."

Bygones

MR. HARRY TRUMAN, by his championing of Mr. Harriman, and still more by his personal attacks on Mr. Stevenson, may have put paid to his career as a political force. When he was here taking his honorary degree at Oxford, he told me he wanted to devote his years now to teaching a younger generation the realities of politics.

"From President to President," he said, as if he had already decided the title of his memoirs, "I have been right through the political mill. I know, as few people do, how democracy works." No chapter will be more instructive than the last.

Mr. Stevenson is a kind-hearted man, but I believe Mr. Truman's irresponsibility will not be forgiven. It has leaked out among Mr. Stevenson's friends that the day after Stevenson's nomination the two men met. Mr. Truman asked that bygones should be bygones, and offered to help Stevenson in any way possible.

"Mr. President," said Stevenson, "I thank you, but I can see no manner in which you could now be of assistance."

Reluctant Filly

IT seems likely that the Aga Khan's famous colours—green and chocolate hoops—will soon regain their old prominence here. Agreement has been reached with Alec Head, the brilliant young trainer who has most of the Aga Khan's horses in France, that in future the most promising colts from the Irish studs will not be sold.

Though the Aga Khan and his son, Aly Khan, have sold a large number of thoroughbreds to America in recent years—a batch of forty mares was sold *en bloc* a few weeks ago—they still have about 160 head in Ireland.

Among them is Palsaka, a grey filly of potential greatness, but it is doubtful whether she will ever race anywhere but at the Curragh, for it is quite impossible to get her into a horsebox. She is out of Masaka, winner of the Oaks in 1948, and probably inherits some of her cussedness from her mother whose reluctance to start cost her the 1,000 Guineas.

"Papa Flash"

DR. HAROLD EDGERTON, whose son, as recounted by Ian Fleming on Page 7, has just lost his life on a frog-

man exploit, is one of the scientific adventurers of our time, though his title, Professor of Electrical Measurements at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, might not suggest it.

Dr. Edgerton is America's most famous electronic flash photographer and he will be in London early next month for an international conference on his subject. For long a close collaborator with Commander

Cousteau, he has photographed under five seas and three oceans (his nickname on board the Calypso is "Papa Flash") and he was the first foreigner to descend in the French Navy bathyscaphe, FNRS 3, with Commander Houot.

Bullets and Bullets

Dr. Edgerton first developed his photographic techniques to record the behaviour of high-speed machinery, but he found

his methods equally applicable to arresting bullets and ballerinas in mid-air and to recording the flight of humming birds and the golf swing of Bobby Jones.

For the past two years he has come to England on mid-summer's day to capture the mystic conjunction of the sun records for the dolmens of Stonehenge. His present task, interrupted by the tragic loss of his son, was to explore with Cou-

steau the secrets of those oceanographic estorils the "Deep Scattering Layer" and the "Romantic Trench."

Export Driving

SOME three weeks ago Mr. Donald Healey left in the Queen Elizabeth for New York to capture a series of class records for the Austin Healey at Bonneville, Utah. America is by far the largest market for this brightly little sports car, and apart from British pur-

chases, a considerable volume of dollar exports was involved. At the last moment the Southampton dockers refused to load Healey's two cars on the Queen Elizabeth. They were B.M.C. products and the union was indifferent to their special purpose.

The project was in danger of being abandoned when officials of the Cunard Company hit on the ingenious formula that the two cars constituted Donald Healey's "personal baggage," and the dockers reluctantly gave in a few hours before sailing time.

Last week Donald Healey and two other drivers, manipulating one piece of "baggage," captured twenty-eight new International and American records.

Flying Felons

I ADVISE any bandit or detective story writer in search of a suitable setting for crime to try a British civil aircraft flying over an ocean. It seems that no court could try the criminal.

This rather startling legal loophole was brought to light when Sir Patrick Devlin, the Queen's Bench Judge, quashed the indictment against a man charged with carrying raw opium on a British plane flying from Bahrain to Singapore. The prosecution had claimed that the man was subject to British law under Section 62 of the Civil Aviation Act of 1949 which says:

(1) Any offence whatever committed on a British aircraft shall, for the purpose of jurisdiction, be deemed to have been committed in any place where the offender may for the time being be.

Sir Patrick ruled, in effect, that Section 62 was as meaningless as it seemed to be; and eminent legal authorities now argue that after this decision a transatlantic passenger could literally get away with murder.

Criminals must, however, move quickly. The Home Office is now preparing a new Bill to close this breach in our legal system.

Ulanova

GALINA ULANOVA is the brightest star in the Russian artistic firmament and the massive bookiness for the

Bolshoi Ballet Company's London season, to be sorted tomorrow at Covent Garden, are a tribute to her magic reputation.

In Moscow her rewards have matched her talents. Ulanova's basic salary is only six times that of the average factory worker, but her four Stalin prizes are worth £100,000 in side Russia. She has a small



GALINA ULANOVA

private car, a cook, well-cut clothes in a notoriously ill-dressed country, and a plainly furnished three-room flat in one of the new wedding-cake skyscrapers that litter Moscow's skyline.

In Russia, there are no higher rewards.

Beecham's Bombarbs

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S arrival at the Edinburgh Festival was not auspicious. At seven o'clock in the morning he hobbled slowly down the platform of Waverley Station in bedroom slippers. His new hurt, and his expression matched the depressing drizzle. The rain has hardly ceased but Sir Thomas has been providing his own brand of sunshine. "I've just been composing Beethoven's symphonies," he shouted at one caller who found him correcting musical scores. While waiting to conduct Brahms's second symphony, he sat down at a piano in the wings and sang a rousing version of "Marpurion would a-wooling go."

Before the opening concert Sir Thomas won the hearts of his Scottish hosts by standing outside the Usher Hall, raising his arms to the skies and proclaiming "I love rain"—but in fact this remark contained as much sarcasm as his famous "All Festivals are bunk."

Down the Drain

TWO French journalists were discussing the Suez dispute in the London Conference Press centre last week.

"Que peut-on faire au sujet du Canal, mon cher?" "Alors, on peut coloniser le Canal, ou canaliser le Colonel."